The nourſe to ſtill her child will tell my ſtorie,
And fright her crying babe with TARQVINS name.
The Orator to decke his oratorie,
VVill couple my reproch to TARQVINS ſhame.
Feaſt-finding minſtrels tuning my defame,
VVill tie the hearers to attend ech line,
How TARQVIN wronged me, I COLATINE.

Let my good name, that ſenceleſſe reputation,
For COLATINES deare loue be kept vnſpotted:
If that be made a theame for diſputation,
The branches of another roote are rotted;
And vndeſeru'd reproch to him alotted,
That is as cleare from this attaint of mine,
As I ere this was pure to COLATINE.

O vnſeene ſhame, inuiſible diſgrace,
O vnfelt ſore, creſt-wounding priuat ſcarre!
Reproch is ſtampt in COLATINVS face,
And TARQVINS eye maie read the mot a farre,
"How he in peace is wounded not in warre.
"Alas how manie beare ſuch ſhamefull blowes,
VVhich not thēſelues but he that giues thē knowes.

If

If COLATINE, thine honor laie in me,
From me by ſtrong aſſault it is bereſt:
My Honnie loſt, and I a Drone-like Be
Haue no perfection of my ſommer left,
But rob'd and ranſak't by iniurious thef
In thy weake Hiue a wandring waſpe
And ſuck't the Honnie which thy cha

Yet am I guiltie of thy Honors wracke,
Yet for thy Honor did I entertaine him,
Comming from thee I could not put hi
For it had beene diſhonor to diſdaine hi
Beſides of wearineſſe he did complaine
And talk't of Vertue (O vnlook't for
VVhen Vertue is prophan'd in ſuch a

VVhy ſhould the worme intrude the ma
Or hatefull Kuckcowes hatch in Sparro
Or Todes infect faire founts with venon
Or tyrant follie lurke in gentle breſts?
Or Kings be breakers of their owne beh
"But no perfection is ſo abſolute,
That ſome impuritie doth not pollute

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